

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

M. J. H. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

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THE BUGLE.

To the Members of the Bible Convention.

My Editor: I wish calmly to say a few words to the members of the Bible Convention, held in Salem, Ohio, a few days since. I have read the resolutions as published in the Bugle, and feel constrained to dissent from them in very many particulars, and do most deeply regret that ever such a convention was called, or such resolutions presented. You may think I should hold my peace, not having attended the convention. I intended to have been there, but at the time was confined to a bed of illness, from which I had but little hope of recovering; my energies are now so prostrated by a long sickness, that I shall not be able to write with that precision that I otherwise should have done. But I wish to say a few things, and to say them soon, and therefore I now write. I shall not attempt to discuss the resolutions, but shall confine my remarks to a few things that seem to connect themselves with the unhappy movement.

I think that great talents for the accomplishment of good, and also the sacred interests of bleeding humanity in the persons of millions, have all been sacrificed upon the altar of ambitious opposition to the Bible. You may think you can labor as efficiently in the various branches of Reform, as though you had not taken your present position. But I think not. Two things at least, render it impossible. Your position will excite greater prejudice against you, than any other you could have taken, and will utterly deprive you of access to the minds of the masses of the people. No matter what cause you may advocate, with this vast prejudice against you, in the minds of the multitudes, you will not be heard. Again, wherever you may go, both in public and in private, your position will come up as a bone of contention, and it being a very prominent position, much of your time must necessarily be spent in its support, and in reconciling the people to it; while the great work of Reform will mar in your hands, for the want of the application of your powerful talents. But your friends say that the great ultimatum of reform is to destroy from the minds of the human family, their reverence for the Bible as a rule of faith and practice—that slavery, war, and every other crime must continue so long as the Bible is received as a standard. If this be true, you have on your hands the work of a thousand ages. Hundreds of millions of the people now receive and revere the Bible, in the main, as the word of God; while its defenders are a thousand to your one, with facilities beyond computation, and talents equally ponderous, to spread through the nations of the world their doctrines. If this view of the subject be correct, the slave may clank his chains in utter despair—the thunders of war may rend the heavens forever—the drunkard may wallow in his pollution until his funeral dirge shall ring in his ears all the horrors of a wretched life, and every other device and abomination of crime will continue so long as the stars of God shine upon any of the abodes of men. All the desponding classes of our race had claims upon your energies—they were appealing to you for salvation from their hell, but in this movement you have cast a pall of darkness over them—the heavens of their hopes is overcast, and not a ray of light beams upon their minds. True you speak of the infallible rule stamped on the nature of man to guide him in duty. But does it guide him? Have the nations who have not had the Bible, been guided to any considerable degree of elevation and happiness?

To study the physical, social, mental, and spiritual laws of our being, is right, and so far as they in connection with philosophical science constitute a rule of action, let us be governed by it. But to live in harmony with all the knowledge derived from this source, does not require that we should reject the Bible, and per consequence Christ as being the saviour of the world, in any peculiar or special sense, and the system of Christianity as an embodiment of principles constituting an everlasting kingdom.

The Bible has been much abused, and wrested to the destruction of many, and some of its professed friends are its worst enemies—they have gone to every possible extreme, and taxed to the utmost their energies, to wring from its pages the sanction of every abominable crime that their selfish and corrupt natures wished to indulge in. It is true they have generally gone to the historical portions of the Bible (those parts least binding upon Christians,) for their arguments in support of crime, and by forced and foreign constructions, have succeeded in many instances in leading the simple and unwary into dangerous and wicked beliefs concerning both the Bible and God. Could I be persuaded to the belief that the constructions of modern doctors of divinity with reference to certain portions of the Bible are correct, and that the general tenor thereof was in harmony therewith, I should be as ready as any of you to reject it, and spurn it as a base fraud—but I am not thus persuaded. And I think if you could but look at this subject in its proper light, you would see, that, though you have rejected the Bible, you have nevertheless received from it, all those incentives to do good—all those high convictions of moral rectitude, and all those holy aspirations after God, that have from time to time moved upon the great deep of your souls, and that had it not been for that fact, you instead of possessing those giant minds, whose powers you now employ in opposition to the Bible, you might have been the meekest stultified pigmies that ever bore the names of men. I say this might have been the case. Had you and your confederates taken firm hold of the Bible, years ago, as your strong tower, and brought its living truths to bear against slavery, and the other systems of wrong against which you have arrayed yourselves; would this day have numbered ten—perhaps an hundred to one of faithful laborers in the right, and those towering systems of crime and outrage would ere this have trembled to their centre before the power of God's truth.

For to my mind, after giving to the historical, ceremonial, and judicial portions of the Bible, their proper places, and after making all due allowance for all the discrepancies, false translations, interpolations, and different readings so frequently spoken of, it is nevertheless the "sure word of prophecy" the Rule of faith and practice to all the humble faithful followers of the Saviour—the Covenant of promises and blessings to all the nations of earth. When I look into the future and see your earnest efforts to perpetuate your position and to make it common, I think I see the movement withal dying out in infancy, as many similar ones have in other days; and instead of the songs of the slave's jubilee, and the anthems of peace, sobriety and purity, enrapturing the listening throngs of heaven and earth, will be heard the rattling chain and clanking fetter—the wild tones of despair—the bloody wailings of war, and the mocking of the unweary thousands, with one united voice howling forth the requiem of the most fatal movement ever engaged in by so many giant minds; and instead of eternal glory—wreaths crowding your heads, and millions rising up and blessing you as the faithful toilworn laborers in the right, all the sad realities of a mispent life and of misapplied talents, will settle down upon your names. I may be mistaken in this, but I thus judge in the case, from the nature of your position as set forth in the resolutions. I have had many things to regret in my life, but I do regret most of anything that has occurred the position you have taken.

We as comeouters, have long been called infidel, but I thought myself. Thousands of times have I been called an infidel, (when in fact, I had embraced no infidel doctrine proper,) and I always threw off the charge as best I could, by confessing myself infidel to a slaveholding and fighting religion. I have also defended personally against the charge of infidelity, many of the names that I see in the proceedings of the Convention—taking the ground that you were not infidel to the doctrines and principles of Christianity proper, but infidel to the false teachings, and false religions of the day. This I did in most cases in all good conscience, but sometimes I feared that some of my comeouters brethren were going astray from the good path. But I can defend you in this sense no longer, and of course you cannot desire that I should—you have published your position to the world, and it is infidel in the obvious sense of the term; or at least, I so understand it. The Bible, Christ and Christianity, all go by the board in your position, so far as their authenticity, infallibility, and perpetuity, as a rule of faith and practice may be concerned. It was my belief in the Bible as a rule, that first induced me to seek God, and the same belief has led me to take every important position I have ever occupied. Had it not been for my faith in the import-

ant principles taught in the Scriptures—calling me as I believed to a state of separation from sinners—to the path of rectitude and holiness, I never should have been an abolitionist—I never should have left a slavery church—I never should have become a comeouter. Hence the same Book that you have rejected, has influenced me to seek a true position, and to endeavor to do all the good I could in the world. My mind is yet unchanged. I cannot go with you in your present movement—I must again disband, for I can no more follow your position, than I could a pro-slavery church, or a slaveholding or fighting religion. I must stand aloof from them all, and by whatever influence I possess, I must oppose them all. You may attribute this to my weakness, and may bring the power of your criticisms to bear upon my views if you choose and I shall not complain. But I hope you will never use my name, and that it never will be used by any person in any connection expressive of sympathy for your present position of sweeping opposition to the Bible, as containing principles constituting a rule of faith and conduct to man. For I cannot find in myself any rule of morality that has not been in the beginning clearly traceable to that source. Nor can I find any philosophical reason why God should not have made a revelation of his will to man, which should be an abiding rule of morality by which the race should be brought into one Brotherhood; and it seems to me that when Christianity is fully understood and practiced, that this will be the result: while if every one is left to himself for a rule, there never will be a union while the world stands, touching the spiritual department of man's being.

From my boyhood days I have been a sincere and unflinching abolitionist—for a number of years I have cherished in my heart, and practiced in my life the principles of the peace cause; and many other branches of reform have been endeared to me, and have received my humble support. In all these respects my zeal shall not grow cold—my energies shall still be employed in bringing on the good time when man shall be redeemed from all sin and thralldom, and stand forth in all the image of his God. Therefore, though I cannot go with you in your present movement, I will labor with you to carry forward those reforms that we have had so long at heart, in every way that I can consistent with my views of right action—having always a conscience void of offence both toward God and man. I have written enough for the present, and have done it calmly and in good spirit, and before God am conscientiously sincere in the views I maintain.

With deep and heart-felt regret, I am your Brother in the bonds of our common humanity.
N. K. SELBY.
HARTFORD, Mercer Co., Pa. Jan. 1, 1853.

We learn from *The Southern Recorder* that a man calling himself by the name of George W. Jones, of Columbia County, professing to be a negro-trader, was arrested by William Searey and Thomas Jenkins, near Monticello, Jasper County, on Friday night last, with nine stolen negroes in his possession, and four others claimed by himself. One of the latter escaped at the time of the arrest. Jones has been lodged in the County Jail and the seven negroes are yet unclaimed. Five of the negroes—three men and two women—say they belong to Pierce Bailey, of Warren, living near Double Wells. Another to Mr. Morrison, of Harris County.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN NEW YORK is prosecuted with energy, and its completion is secured in season for the opening of the exhibition on the 2d of May next. Meantime arrangements are in progress to secure a brilliant representation of the choicest productions of the world's industry in both hemispheres. The building, with its galleries, will contain an area of 173,000 square feet. It will be built entirely, except the floor, of glass and iron. There is no doubt from the efforts making that this will be a grand exhibition of the manufactures of various countries, and will show the progress which has been made in this branch of industry. The process by which these results are attained must be observed and studied in the workshops.—*Ledy.*

Solid Gas.

Murdoch first used gas to light up his office as a Redoubt in 1792. "It would," says Ledy, "be one of the greatest discoveries of the age, if any one could succeed in condensing coal gas into a white, dry, solid, odorless substance; portable, and capable of being placed on a candlestick or burned in a lamp." Already is the desire of Ledy being accomplished. A mineral oil flowed out of coal in Derbyshire, obviously produced by slow distillation from the coal. On examination it has been ascertained that paraffine, a solid, wax substance, hitherto never produced from coal, could be formed in commercial quantities by a slow and regular distillation. This is condensed coal gas—a solid form of oil gas desired by Ledy. In forming cake, this product, dissolved in an oil of a similar composition, may be readily obtained instead of the water-gas now thrown away. Should this discovery be successful as it promises, a great change will be wrought in fuel as well as in illuminating gas.

George Sand on Uncle Tom.

The most popular female novelist of France has written an elaborate criticism of the romance of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It appeared in the *Paris Presse* of the 20th of December, a few days after the close of Mr. Platt's translation of the work. Our readers will, of course, feel a lively curiosity to know what such an authority can say of such a work, and we mean to gratify it by rendering it into English.—*N. Y. Post.*

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

"To speak of a book on the morrow of its appearance," says Madame Sand, "and in the very journal in which it has been published, is contrary to custom; but, in the present case, this is a disinterested homage, since the immense success which the book has acquired, acquires one of any motive of attempting to aid its circulation. It is already in all hands—in all journals; editions of all sizes have appeared; and every body devours it and covers it with tears. No one who can read, is permitted to go without reading it; and the only regret is, that there are so many who cannot read—the Helots of misery, the slaves of ignorance, for whom politics has not yet solved the problem of bread for the soul and bread for the body.

It is no clap-net advertisement, then, to return upon the work of Mrs. Stowe; it is an homage, and never did a pure and generous woman deserve a more tender and spontaneous one; she is far away from this, we do not know her, she that has pierced our hearts with emotions so sad, and therefore so sweet, and so let us thank her the more! Let the plaintive voices of children, so adorably glorified in the book, and those of the oppressed in this world traverse the sea to her, how much she is esteemed, how much she is loved.

If the best praise that can be given an author is to love him, the truest that can be shown this book, is to love its faults. We cannot pass these in silence, we cannot elude the discussion of them, but we need not trouble ourselves about them, while others rally us for weeping over the simple narratives of the victims described. The defects of Mrs. Stowe's book exist in respect to certain conventions of Art, which are not absolute. If the judges, treating it as a meritorious work, find faults that are tedious, repetitions, and that they feel that their eyes are weary, they try to comfort themselves by saying, "They will remain themselves of that." Ohio senator, who agreed with his little wife that he was right in voting for the Fugitive Slave law, and yet took off two fugitives himself in his carriage, in the depth of the night, gentle on the mud in the middle of the night, to help push on the wheels. The charming episode of the greater part of men, placed between custom, prejudice, and their own hearts, otherwise more naive and generous than their own institutions and manners.

This is the history, both touching and ludicrous, of a great number of independent critics. Whether the question be a social or literary one, those who pretend to judge it coolly, and at the point of view of the abstract law, are often surprised into the deepest emotions, and sometimes conquered, without being willing to confess it. I am always charmed with the anecdote of Voltaire, who, wishing to hold the tables of Lafayette up to contempt, took the book, and said, "Listen! you shall see—take the first volume—but here is another quite stupid!" He read the second, and found it very pretty; a third quite disarming him; but reading on to find a bad one, he threw down the book, exclaiming, with ingenious spite, "It's all a hotch-potch of masterpieces!" Great minds may be wilful and vindictive, but when they reject, it is impossible for them to be unjust or inconsistent.

This work, badly constructed according to the laws of the modern romances, as they are accepted in France, inspires every body, and triumphs over all criticism, in every discussion raised in the family circle. For it is essentially a domestic and family book, with its long dialogues, its minute details, and its portraits so carefully studied. Mothers, young persons, children and servants, read and comprehend it; and men, even superior men, cannot disdain it—we do not say, because its finer qualities redeem its defects, but because of these very defects.

In France, we combated for a long while the probabilities of expedition in Walter Scott; the next cried out against those of Balzac, but on consideration, it was seen, that in painting of manners and characters, there was never too much, when every stroke of the pencil was in its place, and concurred in the general effect. Sobriety and rapidity are eminent qualities, but we should learn to like all methods that are good, and which bear the sign of a wise and instinctive mastery.

Mrs. Stowe is all instinct, and for that reason she appears at first not to have talent. No talent! What is talent? Nothing, doubtless, compared to genius! But has she genius? I do not know that she has talent, as it is understood in the world of letters, but she has the genius which humanity has the most need of,—the genius of good! This is not to be a man of letters; but do you know what it is?—it is to be a saint,—nothing more.

Yes, a saint! Three times holy is the soul which loves, blesses and consoles martyrs! Pure, penetrating, and profound is the spirit which sounds the depths of human nature! Great, generous and vast the heart, which embraces in its pity, in its love, in its respect, a race sunk in blood and mire, under the scourges of cruel men, and the maledictions of the impious.

It is well for us that it is so; it is well that we feel in spite of ourselves, that genius is the heart, that power is faith, that, finally, success is sympathy, since this book quite overcomes us, chokes the throat, melts the spirits and fills us with a strange sentiment

of tenderness and admiration for the figure of a poor negro, lacerated with blows, stretched in the dust, and exhaling, in a coach-house, his last breath to God.

In respect to art, moreover, there is but one rule, one law, which is to show and to move. Where do we find creations more complete, types more living, situations more touching, and more original than in *Uncle Tom*? The sweet relations of the slave with the child of his master, exhibit a condition of things unknown amongst us—the protest of the master himself against slavery endures the whole phase of life, when his soul belongs to God alone. Society absorbs him then, law expels him, and interest deposes conscience. Arriving at manhood, the child ceases to be a man, he becomes a master, and God dies out of his heart.

What experienced hand has ever traced a type more striking and attractive than Saint Clair—that refined, noble, loving, generous nature, but too soft and indifferent to be great? Is he not man in general, man with his fine innate qualities, his good impulses, and his deplorable carelessness—the charming master, who loves and is loved, who thinks, who reasons, but who never concludes or acts? He expends in a day the treasures of indulgence, of reason, of justice, and of goodness; he dies without having saved. His precious life is all resumed in a word—aspiration and regret. He could not will. Alas! there are not a few such among the best and strongest of men.

The life and death of a child, the life and death of a negro, is the whole of this book. That child and that negro are two saints for heaven. The friendship which unites them, their respect for each other, is the whole love and passion of the drama. I do not know any other genius than that of Sanctity, which could have spread over such a situation, a charm so powerful, and sustained.

Children are the true heroes of Mrs. Stowe. Her soul, the most maternal that ever was, has conceived all the little beings in the very light of Heaven, (*rayon de la grace*). George Shelby, little Harry, the cousin of Eva, the boy of the little wife of the Senator, and Tommy the poor, devilish and excellent Topsey, those that are seen, and those that are not seen in this romance, but of which only three words are spoken by their desolate mothers—are a world of little white and black angels, in which every woman recognizes the object of her love, the source of her joys and her tears. In taking form in the mind of Mrs. Stowe, these children, without ceasing to be children, take also ideal proportions, and come to interest us more than all the personages in love-romances.

The women, too, are designed with the hand of a master—not only the mothers, who are sublime, but those who are not mothers, either in heart or in fact, and whose infidelities are treated with indulgence or rigor. By the side of the methodical Miss Ophelia, who learns that duty is nothing without affection, Marie Saint Clair is a portrait of faithful fidelity. One trembles to think that she exists; this American fineness; that she is everywhere; that each of us has seen her; for slaves are not wanting to her to make her reveal herself as a torturer, in the midst of her vapours and tremblings of the nerve.

Saints have also their flaw; it is that of the lion; it respects human flesh; but it fastens itself upon the conscience. A little warm indignation; a little terrible mockery, is not unbecoming Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the woman so gentle, so humane, so religious, so full of evangelicalunction. Yes, she is a woman of great goodness, but not what we drowsily call "a very good woman"; she is a strong, courageous heart, which, blessing the unhappy, in carrying the faithful, aiding the irresolute, attracting the weak, does not fear to spit the hardened sinners, that she may show their deformity to the world.

Madame Sand then concludes her article by an expression of her personal thanks to Mrs. Stowe.

The Slave Schooner Advance and Slave Schooners generally.

The schooner *Advance*, of New Orleans, which we mentioned, last week, as having been seized at Port Praya, by Commodore Gregory, has arrived at Norfolk. The mate and four of her seamen were sent home in her, but the Captain was not taken. This case comes in good time for the party just now doubtful, wherewith to test their strength and their principles. There is no launch of commerce in which the great democratic right of Free Trade is so outraged by our laws as that, for being engaged in which the *Advance* was seized. Had her Captain contented himself with the legitimate traffic permitted by the laws of his country, he, instead of skulking abroad to escape a felon's doom, might show himself in Norfolk, an honored and honorable citizen, and his vessel, instead of lying at a wharf of that city awaiting confiscation, might, as proudly as any other ship, fling her stars and stripes to the breeze, and await her cargo. And this difference exists because of an absurd distinction in our laws which makes that piracy in one part of the world which is a perfectly legitimate, honorable and most profitable trade at home. If the schooner *Advance* may rightfully and legally take a cargo of slaves from Norfolk to New Orleans—and none but a few impracticable and fanatical persons deny that—there is no reason, in the nature of things, why she should not take a cargo of the same sort from the Coast of Guinea to the port of Havana. To affix a penalty to this latter speculation is, we contend, a violation of the first principle of Free Trade.

But if the penalty annexed to the Foreign Trade was only intended as a measure of protection to the Domestic Trade, as we all know it was, the subject is still one which calls for the hand of a Democratic reformer. Protection is not a Democratic principle, and the party will not be true to itself if it

permits this grossest violation of Free Trade to exist a moment after it comes into power. The Trade that is so honorable at home that there is not a 'first family' in all Virginia that is not directly or indirectly engaged in it, ought not to be branded as a felony when it happens to be carried on on the other side of the Gulf Stream. So infamous a distinction is a disgrace to the Statute Book—a stain upon our glorious flag—a violation of our republican institutions—and contrary even to the comity which binds together our sister States. There is no other domestic production, we believe, which is protected by an absolute prohibition of the introduction of the foreign article, and it is high time so gigantic a monopoly were destroyed. There is no reason why Louisiana, and Mississippi, and Texas, should depend for the staple of their labour upon Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Kentucky, but, on the contrary, every reason why they should be permitted to get the article wherever they can buy it cheapest. The protection is a positive and direct injury to the people of these States, and should be tolerated no longer. And if there be any truth in the great principles of Free Trade, which the Democrats have counted so long, it is an injury, though not so immediately obvious, to the producing States also. But, at any rate, whatever may be said on this point, and though it may be held unwise to interfere immediately with a state of things that has existed so long, on the other point—the absurd distinction between the Foreign and Domestic Trade—there can be no difference of opinion. No greater outrage could be inflicted upon the feelings of our Southern brethren of Norfolk than to bring in there the schooner *Advance*, with her crew in chains, and she branded as a pirate because it was proposed to use her in a traffic which makes the wealth of the State of Virginia. We have no right to support the stability of the Union by so gratuitous an insult to any portion of its citizens. The moral influence of such laws cannot be overrated, and we cannot tell when the stigma which they tend to fix upon a portion of our people may become indelible. It is time there was an overhauling of our Treaties on this subject with Foreign Powers, and the Monroe doctrine carried out in this relation as well as in others. Europe should be taught that we have our own notions and our own institutions, and her one-water sentimentality should not be permitted longer to taint our laws. We hope, sincerely hope, that the matter may receive attention in the proper quarter, and, if we have any influence with Gen. Pierce and the Democratic party, we shall look to see the subject noticed in the Inaugural Message, and immediately brought up for the consideration of Congress.—*A. S. Standard.*

A Virginia Proposition.

It is lawful to learn from an enemy, says a Latin proverb, and there never were a people who have so much reason to be thankful for knowledge from that quarter as the Abolitionists. The Slaveholders and their abettors never open their mouths, on the subject of Slavery, but they teach us something, and the strongest against them and their cause are always of their own making. The Richmond (*Va.*) *Republican*, no longer ago than Wednesday of last week, has done us a good service in this relation, in showing, that it is a worse punishment to a man to make a slave of him than to send him to States Prison. A Penitentiary is not considered a Paradise anywhere, but to understand the full force of the *Republican's* admission it should be remembered that a Southern prison is to prisoners elsewhere what they are to decently comfortable homes. Here is the *Republican's* paragraph. It contains some other matter for reflection suggested by the name of that paper and the proposition it advocates, but its estimate of Slavery is the point to which we particularly call attention.—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—Since the subject of removing free negroes from this Commonwealth has been under consideration by the Legislature, a variety of plans have been suggested, the most, if not all, of which, from certain causes, are considered impracticable. The agitation of the question, however, has induced many philanthropic gentlemen to give the matter serious thought, and we are now inclined to the opinion that one of our own citizens has hit upon the proper method to accomplish all that the most ardent admirer of the scheme can desire. That there are many intelligent, honest, upright, industrious free coloured persons in our community, none will doubt who are acquainted with them, and we do not hesitate to say that no one wishes them to be driven from their native homes. The aim of all seems to be to get at the victims and corrupt ones, and to accomplish this, the gentlemen to whom we have alluded has most unquestionably hit upon the proper plan, viz: "Instead of sending free negroes to the Penitentiary for crime, to sell them into Slavery, whenever they are convicted of a State prison offence, and to apply the proceeds from such sales towards defraying the expense of a free persons who may voluntarily desire to go to Liberia." By the passage of such a law, and its strict enforcement, the State would soon get rid of the corrupt portion of that race, and the honest and correct ones would then be far better off than they are now. At first blush, this plan seems to us to be just what is necessary at this time to allay the feeling existing against the free negroes—to get rid of those characters who are so obnoxious to a slaveholding community, and to prevent the necessity of extreme rigidity with those who are known to be of correct deportment. Let members of the Legislature digest this plan, properly, and we have no doubt the greater portion of them will readily embrace it as the most feasible one yet presented, and take the necessary steps for passing a law embracing the suggestions here thrown out.